



John Brandi Rain Blows Through



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Rain Blows Through

Winter sunrise
summer hills turn gold
on the hanging scroll

Who are you?
the mirror
never stops

Build a cloud hut
and forget
the days

Loneliness—
I wag my tail
at the dog

Mountain home
rain blows
right through

A bath under the stars
all burdens
to the breeze

New robe
way too large
for these bones

Spring rain
our knees barely touching
at the bus stop

You lead
I'll follow
butterfly

Keep in touch
she smiles, giving
no address

Drought defiant
my little patch
of flowering weeds

Night wind
Mars leading Venus
across the sky

From one coyote
the voice
of twelve

Eight a.m.
the eyes of the housefly
already on me

Travel-ready
that cricket singing
in my suitcase

So far so good
I've outlasted
my walking stick

Cold front
the silent transparency
of distant peaks

Moving over
to let the moon
fill the bed

Fork in the road
I hurry both ways
before nightfall

The shortcut
took longer
autumn leaves

All Souls' Day
evening lights of those
across the water

Dry ravine:
in every boulder
the river's force

Just like that, the Dipper
now the moon
gone down

Mountains
one after another
taking hold
in the fog

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